

A SERIOUS
MEDITATION
FOR 11602. E. 4
1513
SINNERS,

Which is set forth in several

Discourses,

Which passed between a Soul

at her departure, and the Members

of the Body.

In Three PARTS.

By Edward Carrey.

Licensed according to Order.

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A Serious MEDITATION
 FOR
 SINNERS, &c.

Part I.

Y
 ou that are in the Glory of your Prime,
 Be sure that you make good use of your time ;
 For when time's past, you cannot it recal ;
 Time still runs on, it stays for none at all.

Do not serve Satan, shun his ill advise,
 Because he will contrive for to intice
 You in your Youth, to act those things that's ill,
 And much displeasing to God's blessed will.

One sin there is which now I shall declare,
 He does entice young Children for to swear,
 Before some scarce have learn'd their A BC,
 They'll Curse and Band ; alas ! more is the pitty.

It's to be doubted that their Parents they,
 In wickedness do spend their time away ;
 For if that they in fear of GOD did live,
 They would to them better instructions give.

Both Rich and Poor of your Children take care,
 And don't allow them for to Curse and swear,
 Lest they through your neglect be forc'd to mourn,
 And Curse the hour wherein they was born. Be

Be careful to instruct them in their youth,
 To serve the Lord in Spirit and in truth,
 Allow them not to keep ill Company,
 For fear they come to shame and misery.

Likewise you Children, in your Blooming Spring,
 Let not your disobedience sorrow bring,
 To fill your Aged parents hearts with woe ;
 But unto them still due obedience show.

Honour your Parents do not them despise,
 Be always dutiful to them likewise,
 And don't run on against the Laws of GOD,
 For fear lest he should scourge you with his Rod.

Let Young and Old, both Rich and poor amend,
 Their wicked lives and not so much offend,
 Your Gracious God who now's offended sore,
 Lest he forsake you, and ne'er own you more.

Oh what condition would that soul be in,
 That now's delighting and glorying in sin ;
 If God should turn his glorious day to night,
 Who knows then where his Soul will take its flight.

Oh think on this in time both Rich and poor,
 Take care, and don't offend your God no more ;
 That when God's pleas'd his messenger to send,
 You may prepared be, then for your end.

You that these Lines doth Read or hear I pray,
 Reform your Lives, and do not fool away
 Your dear and precious time in wickedness,
 If that you e'er do hope for heavens Bliss.

Part.

Part. II. The Souls Lamentation.

I pray give ear unto the dismal state,
Of one who was a wicked Reprobate:
That when he came upon his bed to dye,
His pretious soul was forc'd these words to cry ;
Soul.

Oh eyes ! where are you now ? who often was
So quick and sharp on vanity to gaze,
Come, come direct me now and be my guide :
Unto some place where I my self may bide.

Eyes.

Alas ! dear soul, we cannot be thy guide,
Therefore thy suit to us must be deny'd ;
For we are dun also, our strings are broke ;
Our sight is gone, of it there is no hope.

Soul.

Oh Ears ! who oftentimes was wont to be,
Much Recreated with sweet harmony
Of Musick, which you always lov'd to hear,
Likewise pleasant d'fourse pleas'd you most dear.

Ears.

Oh ! can you hear of any one now, who
That can or will me any comfort show :
No soul we can't hear no comfort for thee,
Because our hearing's gone, and dull we be.

Soul.

Oh Tongue ! You that would often brag and boast,
And had such way of a daunting Discourse,
Come speak up now for me with Courage bold,
To take my part, and don't thy speech with-hold.

You oftentimes would take God's Name in Vain ;
What is the cause you do your speech restrain ?

Alas

Alas ! the tongue is dumb, and grown so weak,
That unto me it can no comfort speak.

Oh Hands ! who that in War took such delight,
Who in your prime that was such hands to fight ;
Come stir up now, put forth your strength for me,
E're I am lost to all eternity.

Hands.

Though formerly we were such hands of might,
Alas ! poor soul ! for thee we cannot fight ;
We are grown feeble, and in such a case,
We cannot move our selves out of the place.

Soul.

Oh ! feet, I'm in distress, can you help me ?
Who that was won ; so nimble for to be ;
My case is bad, stand up for me therefore,
And carry me where I may be seen no more.

Alas ! the feet are dead, and cold as Clay,
They can't stir to carry me hence away :
I now am helpless left, where can I flee,
To bide my self from Satan's tyranny ?

Oh ! filthy Carcass ! Oh thou lump of sin !
Who hast always so vile, and wicked been ;
I for the time which thou so idly spent,
Shall be kept in everlasting torment.

Alas ! alas ! I now shall forced be
From hence into a gulf of Misery,
In cruel torments for to make my moan,
Whilst happy souls rejoice in Heaven's throne.

A Righteous man when he doth come to die,
He need not fear the sting of death, for why ?

Because that he will be accompanied,
With Angels bright before that he is dead.

Who waits to take his Soul so soon as she,
Is seperated then from his Body,
To carry her hence to Christ who that will say,
Thou art welcome said unto Eternal joy.

Part. III. Christ's Comfort to Sinners.

Once did suffer Death upon the Cross,
For to Redeem poor sinners that were lost ;
With a bleeding heart for Sinners I did Groan,
I died for thee, come Soul thou art my own.

Thee for thy good works shalt partaker be,
Of Heaven's Crown with a blessed Company,
Of Saints and Angels that will thee surround,
With great Triumphing Joys when thee art Crown'd.

The glorious heavenly host shall thee attend,
Thy Joy and pleasures ne'er shall have an end ;
Whilst wicked ones for sin in torments be,
Thee shalt have rest in paradise with me.

Now to Conclude, all you that do design,
Heaven for your dera souls, repent in time ;
That when you come this mortal life to leave,
Christ Jes is may your precious Soul Receive.

The Esquires Trageay. *Tune of forgive me if your looks*

thoughts of me when you leave me
O fairest but unkindest she
that ever was admired,
To

To be so cruel unto me that did aye am erold
 since you my heart have fired, -
 Your looks to me did seem most kind
 when first I did behold you,
 But oh the torments of my mind,
 I oftentimes have told you.
 In thee I place my chiefest joy,
 I seek no other treasure,
 Then do not all my hopes destroy,
 who loves thee out of measure:
 Forbear to triumph in disdain,
 since here I lie and languish,
 True love is a tormenting pain,
 which fills my soul with anguish:
 The silent night I spend in tears,
 and melt in lamentation,
 And yet no glance of love appears,
 but utter detestation:
 Regarding not my perious moan,
 my sighs and sad lamenting,
 Your heart like flint or marble stone,
 feel not the least relenting.
 Your beauty gave the fatal wound,
 and did at first allure me,
 In chains of love I now lye bound,
 and you alone can cure me;
 Cast not a loyal love away,
 who at your feet lies bleeding;
 Unto my sight one smile convey,
 for which my tears are pleading.
 Why should a charming beauty bright,
 resolve to be so cruel?
 O let me not be ruin'd quite
 in love's destroying fuel;

See how my eyes like fountains flow,
 with chyssal tears before thee,
 Then do not seek his overthow,
 who does this day abele thee.
 Behold I am thy Captive Slave,
 thy wounded love, believe me,
 And you alone my life can save,
 and therefore now repaire me,
 Yet tho' my grief you'll not remoue,
 but still with tormentes fill me,
 Yet I cannot forbear to love,
 although with scorn you kill me.
 If thus you are resolv'd to frowne,
 and slight my friendly labour,
 Then to the grave I will go down,
 facewel thou world for ever,
 I find she triumphs in disdain,
 and still denys the blessing;
 Why should I live to feel this pain,
 which is beyond expressing.
 This said, his naked sword he drew,
 and to his heart he sent it,
 And as he bid the world adieu,
 she bitterly lamented,
 Crying, I was unforunate,
 woud I had dy'd before him,
 Thus did she weep when 'twas too late,
 for tears could not restore him.

F I N I S.

